



MONTE HALE

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE



10¢

# Monte Hale

WESTERN

4986



MONTE  
HALE

The Biggest and Boldest  
Real-Life Cowboy  
of Them All  
6 Ft. 5 in.  
OF  
SOLID  
MUSCLE

# LAMEBRAIN

--INTERESTING HOMBRE!



HELLO, GUS! WHAR ARE YUH GOING?  
I'M GOING TO PUT MY WEEK'S WAGES IN THE BANK!



HUH? YUH MEAN THAT'S RIGHT? YUH PUT YORE MONEY IN THAT BANK? DON'T YUH LAMEBRAIN?



SHUCKS, NO! I KEEP MY MONEY AT HOME HIDDEN IN A COFFEE CAN!  
WHAT? YUH KEEP YORE MONEY AT HOME HIDDEN IN A COFFEE CAN?



THAT'S RIGHT!  
BUT YO'RE LOSING INTEREST!



OH NO I'M NOT--- I PUT AWAY A LITTLE EXTRA JUST FER THAT!



# Trader TOM



"HONK, HONK!"



HYAR'S YORE MEAT BILL!



LISTEN, TRADER TOM! YUH MUST HAVE MADE A MISTAKE!



YES! I ORDERED A ROLLED ROAST--



-- NOT A ROLLS ROYCE!



# MONTE HALE WESTERN



The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

ATOMIC MOUSE ★ BADGE OF JUSTICE ★ BLUE BEETLE ★ COWBOY LOVE ★ COWBOY WESTERN ★ DANGER and ADVENTURE ★ FUNNY ANIMALS—MERRY MAULMAN ★ GABBY HAYES ★ HOT RODS and RACING CARS ★ LASH LeRUE ★ MONTE HALE ★ MY LITTLE MARGIE ★ ROCKY LANE ★ SIX-GUN HEROES ★ SOLDIER and MARINE ★ SPACE ADVENTURES—ROCKY JONES, SPACE RANGER ★ SWEETHEARTS ★ TEX RITTER ★ This is SUSPENSE ★ TRUE LIFE SECRETS ★ TV TEENS—DON WINSLOW of the NAVY ★ WIN-A-PRIZE ★ ZOO FUNNIES, NYOKA, JUNGLE GIRL

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

**MONTE HALE**

in **THE CURSE OF TYPHOID VALLEY**

DEEP IN THE SIERRA NEVADAS COILED AN EVIL REGION THAT MEN CALLED TYPHOID VALLEY! HERE, FIFTY YEARS BEFORE TWO FAMILIES HAD FALLEN PREY TO A SCOURGE-LIKE EPIDEMIC! SINCE THAT TIME, WHENEVER STRANGERS VENTURED IN, THE DREAD PLAGUE SEIZED THEM! AT LAST NO MAN DARED ENTER **TYPHOID VALLEY!**

A sign was placed at the entrance to the valley! Then, one day---

**BANG!**

**WARNING!**

**STAY OUT OF TYPHOID VALLEY OR DIE!**

**BANG!**

MISTER SIGN, I THINK IT TIME YOU LIE DOWN!

THAT'S RIGHT, LARS! KICK IT DOWN! WE'RE GOING INTO THE VALLEY!

At that moment---

HOLD ON THERE, NELSON! YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE MUSTN'T GO INTO TYPHOID VALLEY! IT'S SURE DEATH!





When Monte returns--

MONTE! I'M PLUMB GLAD TO SEE YOU! I CHECKED THE WATER SUPPLY AS YOU SUGGESTED. BOTH THE BROOK AND THE SPRINGS ARE CHOCK FULL OF TYPHOID GERMS!

GREAT DAY! JUST WHAT I'D FEARED!



TELL ME, DOC, COULD THE GERMS HAVE BEEN IN THE WATER IF FOLKS HADN'T BEEN LIVING IN THE VALLEY?

NOT IF NO ONE HAD BEEN LIVING THERE FOR FIFTY YEARS! THE GERMS WOULD HAVE HAD TO HAVE BEEN INTRODUCED FROM THE OUTSIDE.



I SEE! IS THERE ANY PLACE IN THE LOCALITY WHERE TYPHOID GERMS MIGHT BE OBTAINED?

ONLY AT FORT BAILEY --- THE POST HOSPITAL --- AND THAT'S TWENTY MILES AWAY!



Monte Hale is determined to get at the secret of Typhoid Valley. Hours later, he and Doc Biggs ride into Fort Bailey.

WHO GOES THERE?

MONTE HALE AND DOC BIGGS! IS THIS THE POST HOSPITAL?



MONTE! GOOD TO SEE YOU AND THE DOC! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WE'RE TRYING TO FIND OUT IF ANYONE HAS HAD ACCESS TO YOUR TYPHOID CASES, CAPTAIN!

COULD ANYONE HAVE TAKEN TYPHOID GERMS FROM THE HOSPITAL?



NO ONE BUT THE ARMY SURGEONS AND AN OLD CIVILIAN ATTENDANT WE CALL CURLY!

CAN WE SEE THIS ATTENDANT?



OF COURSE! HMMM, THAT'S STRANGE! HE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO! BUT HE MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED WHEN HE HEARD YOU COMING!

LISTEN! HOOFBEATS! HE'S RIDING AWAY AT SPEED!



LOOK! THERE HE GOES! HE'S HEADING TOWARD TYPHOID VALLEY ON A FRESH HORSE!

LET'S GET AFTER HIM, MONTE!





Hearing the sound of firing, Lars Nelson and the other settlers, ride up from the lower valley.

MONTE! WE HEARD SHOTS! WHAT HAPPENED?

A LITTLE SURPRISE FOR US, LARS! THESE GENTS HAVE BEEN LIVING UP HERE IN THE VALLEY FOR A LONG TIME!

AND EVIDENTLY THEY'VE BEEN DOING SOME MIGHTY SUCCESSFUL DIAMOND MINING! SUPPOSE ONE OF YOU HOMBRES TELL US WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!

YOU'VE GOT US DEAD TO RIGHTS, HALE--SO WE MIGHT AS WELL SPILL THE BEANS!

WE'RE OSSOODS AND LAWTONS! YEARS AGO WHEN THE REST OF OUR FAMILY DIED FROM TYPHOID, WE HAD THE DISEASE BUT SURVIVED! BUT THEN WE DISCOVERED A RICH VEIN OF PRECIOUS JEWELS IN THE VALLEY!

SO YOU DECIDED TO HIDE OUT IN THE VALLEY AND MINE THE DIAMONDS YOURSELVES?

RIGHT! AND TO PREVENT OTHERS FROM COMING IN, WE PLANTED TYPHOID GERMS IN THE WATER IN THE VALLEY! I GOT A JOB IN THE FORT BAILEY HOSPITAL AND BROUGHT IN THE GERMS!

GRADUALLY IT GREW INTO A LEGEND! EVERYBODY WAS AFRAID TO COME INTO THE VALLEY--UNTIL LARS NELSON AND HIS PEOPLE DROVE IN!

WE ALWAYS FIGURED WE'D QUIT AFTER A WHILE! BUT WE KEPT GETTING A BIGGER AND BIGGER STORE OF DIAMONDS AND WE NEVER COULD DECIDE TO STOP!

IT'S A MIGHTY SAD TALE WHEN FOLKS LET THE LOVE FOR WEALTH MAKE THEM DO WHAT YOU'VE DONE! BUT I RECKON THE JUDGE DOWN IN TOWN WILL HAVE TO DECIDE WHAT YOUR PUNISHMENT WILL BE!

WE GOT TO THE CHILDREN SOON ENOUGH TO CHECK THE DISEASE! ALL OF THEM WILL RECOVER--AND PRONTO!

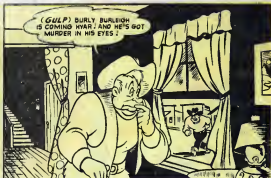
UNTIL THE WATER IS PURIFIED, WE'LL CARRY ALL OF OUR DRINKING WATER IN! MONTE, WE OWE PLenty TO YOU! YOU'VE MADE TYPHOID VALLEY A SAFE PLACE FOR US TO LIVE!



# MOLASSES MOUTH



**A GOOD HIDER**





# QUICK ON THE DRAW

By Clement Good

**A**T THE AGE of twenty, Jack McCrea was tall, dark and rugged. He had an easy, good-humored smile and there was usually a twinkle in his gray eyes.

The two old-timers, Jeb and Luke, were busy at their usual occupation, whittling and chewing tobacco, when they saw the posse ride out. Jack grinned and waved at Jeb and Luke as he passed, and Jeb said, "Mark my words, Luke, that there young feller is going to be the next sheriff. He's as brave as a wildcat!"

Grimly, silently, swiftly, the possemen rode southwest toward the foothills. They were hot on the trail of the Ghost Raider and his henchmen. The "ghost" was so-called because after each foray he seemed to disappear into thin air. No living person had ever seen him!

Today the Wells Fargo office had been robbed, the guard shot. Quickly alerted, the sheriff and his men were able to pursue the three desperadoes before the trail got cold. The sun was setting as they rode into the mouth of Dead End Canyon.

"We've got 'em trapped," exclaimed one of the deputies. "They were plumb foolish to come in here."

"Take it easy!" cautioned Jack McCrea. "It looks too simple. Maybe we're the ones getting into a trap."

"Jack's right!" said the sheriff. "Rein up and take cover!"

He had barely given the order when a rifle barked, and the deputy who had said, "We've got 'em trapped," plummeted from his mount. Jack leaped to the ground and dragged the fallen man to cover behind jutting rocks, while the others scurried for hiding places. A hail of rifle bullets chipped the rocks all around the lawmen.

"The Ghost planned to ambush us, right enough," said the sheriff, "but now that he's tipped his mitt, looks like we've got him bottled up."

"Only 'looks like,'" said Jack.

"What do you mean?" asked one of the men. "Only way they can ride out of Dead End Canyon is by going past us."

"True, this is the only way they can ride out," Jack agreed. "But it'll be dark in a little while. Then they can forget their horses and climb out the other end. We won't be able to see them, we won't know where they've headed. Once more, the Ghost will disappear into thin air. That's why I aim to belly around these rocks and see if I can't circle and surprise them."

"Now, wait, Jack!" urged the sheriff. "That's taking a mighty big chance. If anybody's to do that, it should be me."

Jack grinned. "Sheriff, we all know you'd never ask any man to take on a job you wouldn't handle yourself. But all I aim to do is sort of smoke them out a mite. You've got to be ready to grab them."

Jack crawled away from the group, keeping to the cover of the rocks as much as possible. He circled wide in the fading twilight. The sheriff and his men kept firing steadily to cover any noise Jack might make, but it wasn't really necessary for he was as quiet as a cat.

"Drop the guns!" Jack's voice burst on the outlaws like a whipcrack, but they didn't obey. The rifleman turned and Jack's Colt blasted the gun from his hands. A shot from the young deputy seared the wrist of a second outlaw and caused him to drop his revolver and cry out in pain. But the third masked man hit Jack with two quick shots and the young lawman tumbled to the ground.

The two wounded outlaws cried out as the third scrambled away into the falling darkness. "Hey, boss! We're shot up! Don't leave us!" The boss' answer was two quick squeezes on the trigger that provided two new candidates for Boot Hill. Once more the Ghost Raider

was making sure there'd be no witnesses alive who could identify him.

"He won't ever get to be sheriff now, Luke," said Jeb.

"Reckon not, Jeb," responded Luke. "A sheriff can't go chasing owlhoots in a wheel chair. Too bad. Sure was a promising young fellow." They both looked mournfully at Jack McCrae.

Jack was crippled! Two slugs had been dug out of his right leg. Now they said he'd never again be able to walk without a cane and certainly he'd never be able to ride a horse. Jack took it with his usual courage and a grin. He sat on the porch of the Cattleman's Hotel and kept his hands busy, not with whittling as Jeb and Luke did, but with sketches. He got so he could make a pretty good likeness of anyone who would pose. And when no one was posing he sketched the stage coach across the street, the horses at the hitch rail, the false-fronted frame buildings or the distant hills.

Most people were pleased and flattered to have their portraits made. But Four Flush Farro, who ran the gambling casino, was different. He was furious when he noticed Jack making a sketch of himself. He snatched the paper from Jack's hand and tore it to bits!

"Not a good likeness?" asked Jack, raising his eyebrows.

"Huh? Oh, I reckon it was good enough. I'm just superstitious about having my picture made. All gamblers are superstitious. Here, buy yourself some more paper."

Farro flipped a silver dollar into Jack's lap and hurried away. Jack looked at the coin and grinned. "This is all right! Maybe I can make a good living by not drawing pictures!"

Weeks went by. Jack passed the time of day idly chatting with Jed and Luke, or sketching over the things he had drawn before. The Ghost Raider struck again, this time robbing a rich rancher, north of town. As the posse rode out, Jack sidged. To sit around idle, useless, was not his nature. Later the sheriff and the men came back empty-handed, as usual. The chief lawman stopped by to give Jack McCrae an account of the futile expedition.

As he finished he wiped his wrinkled brow and said, "Gosh all fish-hooks, Jack, I wish you could've ridden with us. You might've noticed some clue that we missed."

A few days afterward, Jed and Luke were astonished to learn that Jack had taken a job. He was the new shotgun guard on the stage line between Pine Bush and Longhorn City.

On Jack's first run, the Ghost Raider held up the stage out on Prairie Flats. He gunned the driver without warning and as Jack leveled his shotgun, a bullet ripped off his hat and red began oozing from his skull. Jack fell across the seat. The horses, spooked by the gunplay, took off at a gallop!

The stage horses charged into Longhorn City and halted at the livery stable of their own accord. They were there for a full minute before anyone noticed Jack lying crumpled on the seat. He was unconscious. Beside him was a piece of paper with what appeared to be the beginning of a sketch on it. But it was only an ear, nothing more!

Jack was taken to the hospital in Longhorn City. Doctors later told his old friend, the sheriff, they thought he'd pull through, but he might be unconscious for days. "He may have seen who shot him, but he won't be telling for a long while."

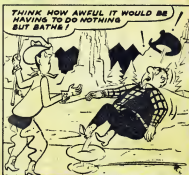
"He's told already," grunted the sheriff, looking at the sketch of an ear.

The Sheriff arrested Four Flush Farro. "You're the Ghost Raider," declared the lawman, as he slipped on the handcuffs. "You've been identified by Jack McCrae."

"But he couldn't recognize me!" cried the gambler. "I wore a mask . . . that is . . ."

**J**ED AND LUKE were so interested they stopped their whittling while the sheriff unfolded the story. "... yep, the human ear is one thing that can't be disguised and it's a sure mark of identification. Jack got a good look at the hombre's ear in spite of the mask, and he sketched it just before he passed out. By the way, there's a thousand dollar reward for the Ghost Raider and Jack's going to get it so he can have an operation and have his leg fixed up good as new. Likely he'll be the next sheriff hereabouts!"

THE END



# MONTE HALE

At the crack of a gun, a thousand valiant pioneer families plunged into the vast Chebayo wilderness! Somewhere in their midst, Monte Hale knew that four desperate badmen raced from the Law! Finding them would be like discovering a needle in a haystack, but Monte had no choice! A man's life would be forfeit--unless those who had framed him on a murder charge were trapped in the Chebayo Land Rush!

and **THE CHEBAYO LAND RUSH**

FASTER!  
WE'RE HEADING FOR LAND AND  
A NEW HOME!



ON THE DAY OF THE CHEBAYO LAND RUSH--WHEN A MILLION ACRES OF RICH LAND WAS OPENED FOR SETTLEMENT--

FOUR DAYS WE'VE BEEN HERE! WHEN ARE THEY GOING TO GIVE THE SIGNAL TO START?

I DON'T KNOW! BETTER ASK THE GENT IN CHARGE OF THIS SECTION, MONTE HALE!



HEY, MONTE! WHEN DO WE START?

MIGHTY SOON, FRIEND! YOU'LL HEAR SHOTS ALONG THE LINE, AND THAT'LL BE YOUR SIGNAL!

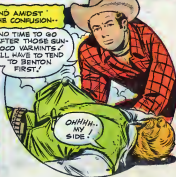
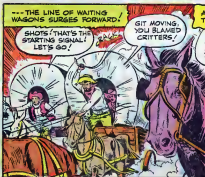
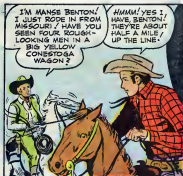


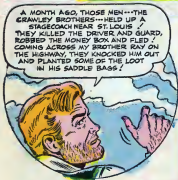
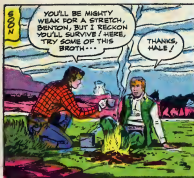
SUDDENLY--

MISTER, ARE YOU MONTE HALE?

I SURE AM, STRANGER! WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?









AS MONTE AND MANSE BENTON SEARCH, THE DAYS RACE BY!



MONTE, I'M PLUMB DISCOURAGED! WE'VE JUST GOT A COUPLE OF DAYS TO GO AND WE STILL HAVEN'T FOUND A SINGLE CLUE TELLING US WHERE THE CRAWLEY BROTHERS MIGHT BE!



WE'VE JUST GOT TO KEEP ON GOING! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO LET UP A MOMENT!

THEN, AT LAST---

WHY, YES! I RECOLLECT SEEING A BIG YELLOW CONESTOGA WAGON LIKE THE ONE YOU SPEAK OF! IT MUST BE UP THIS CREEK ABOUT FOUR OR FIVE MILES!

THANK YOU, MAM! MONTE, LET'S RIDE!



THAT'S THE WAGON, I'D KNOW IT ANYWHERE! THE CRAWLEY BOYS MUST BE INSIDE!

LET'S MOVE UP QUIETLY--AND THEN JUMP IN ON THEM! BE READY FOR ANYTHING!



NOW! GO GET 'EM!

STAND CLEAR!



BUT INSIDE THE WAGON--

DON'T SHOOT! WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, MISTER?

IT'S JUST ONE OLD MAN! WHERE ARE THE OTHERS? TALK! FAST!



IF YOU MEAN THE OTHERS WHO WERE IN THIS WAGON, I DON'T KNOW! MY WAGON BROKE DOWN SO THEY SOLD THIS ONE TO ME! BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY ARE NOW!



LET'S KEEP SEARCHING, MANSE! THAT'S ALL WE CAN DO!

ANOTHER DEAD END!



BUT THE DAYS PASS BY, BRINGING CLOSER AND CLOSER AN UNDESERVED DOOM TO THE MAN WHO WAITS IN A MISSOURI PRISON!



MONTE, WE STILL HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO LOCATE THEM! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA, MANSE! EVIDENTLY THE CRAWLEYS SEEM TO BE SHORT OF CASH AND WOULD WELCOME THE CHANCE TO GET SOME.

LET'S OFFER A LITTLE BAIT AND SEE IF WE CAN DRAW THEM OUT! FOLKS GATHER AROUND BIG CAMPFIRES AT NIGHT, AND GOSSIP SPREADS QUICKLY FROM ONE CAMPFIRE TO ANOTHER! LET'S START SOME RUMORS ROLLING!



SO THAT NIGHT---

WHEN WE SET OUT ON THIS CHEBAYO LAND RUSH, I KNEW IT WAS A MIGHTY SMART MOVE!

THAT'S TELLING EM, ZEKE! WE'RE GOING TO BE MILLIONAIRES, BOYS! WHY THE PRICE OF SILVER IS GOING UP EVERY DAY!



ARE YOU TRYING TO SAY THAT YOU DISCOVERED SILVER?

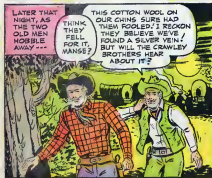
WE'RE NOT TALKING! WE'RE NOT LOOKING FOR ANY HIJACKERS TO COME SUNNING AFTER US! BUT WE'VE ALREADY GOT THE LAND STAKED OUT AND THE PRICE OF SILVER IS GOING WAY UP!



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS THE TWO OLD MEN NOBBLE AWAY---

THINK THEY FELL FOR IT, MANSE?

THIS COTTON WOOL ON OUR CHINS SURE HAD THEM FOOLED! I RECKON THEY BELIEVE WE'VE FOUND A SILVER VEIN! BUT WILL THE CRAWLEY BROTHERS HEAR ABOUT IT?



I THINK THEY HAVE ALREADY! WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED, MANSE!





EXTRA!! The BLUE BEETLE RETURNS!!!

# THE BLUE BEETLE

AMERICA'S CRUSADER  
OF  
LAW AND ORDER

10¢ NOW AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND! 10¢





THIS KNIFE'LL  
GET US  
LOOSE!



BUT WHEN THE CUNNING  
OUTLAWS HAVE REACHED  
THE GROUND SAFELY---

TAKE  
'EM BY  
SURPRISE--

YEAH!



LET ME  
HANDLE  
THIS!

MY ARM--



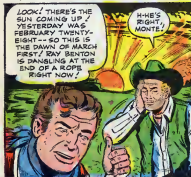
STOP, HALE!  
WE GIVE UP!  
WE'LL TALK--

WHOO!



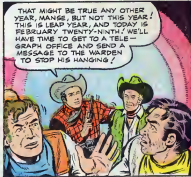
MAKE IT PRONTO,  
CRAWLEY! DID YOU  
FRAME RAY BENTON  
ON A MURDER  
CHARGE?

YEAH! WE PLANTED  
THE EVIDENCE ON HIM  
SO WE COULD MAKE  
A CLEAN GETAWAY,  
WHILE THE LAW GRABBED  
HIM! BUT IT'S TOO  
LATE FOR YOU TO  
SAVE HIM!

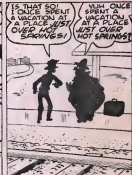


LOOK! THERE'S THE  
SUN COMING UP!  
YESTERDAY WAS  
FEBRUARY TWENTY-  
EIGHT-- SO THIS IS  
THE DAWN OF MARCH  
FIRST! RAY BENTON  
IS DANGLING AT THE  
END OF A ROPE  
RIGHT NOW!

H-HE'S  
RIGHT,  
MONTE!



THAT MIGHT BE TRUE ANY OTHER  
YEAR, MANGE, BUT NOT THIS YEAR!  
THIS IS LEAP YEAR, AND TODAY IS  
FEBRUARY TWENTY-NINTH! WE'LL  
HAVE TIME TO GET TO A TELE-  
GRAPH OFFICE AND SEND A  
MESSAGE TO THE WARDEN  
TO STOP HIS HANGING!



# GABBY HAYES

## AND THE RODEO RASCAL

WHAT'S THE MATTER, CORKER? DID YUH GET SPRAWLED ALL OF A SUDDEN?

BOO! BAN! FAKE!

HEH-HEH!  
THIS WILL RUIN  
GABBY HAYES!

THE WILD WEST IS FULL OF VILLAINS. SOME STEAL GOLD, SOME STEAL SEVER, AND SOME STEAL REPUTATIONS. SUCH A ONE IS SLIPPERY SLEEK, WHOSE GOAL IS TO PLUNDER GABBY HAYES' REPUTATION AS THE GREATEST COWBOY OF ALL!

GABBY HAYES, FEARLESS FOREMAN OF THE BAR NOTHING RANCH, SETS FORTH ON AN IMPORTANT MISSION, RIDING CORKER, THE WONDER HORSE --- WHO WONDERS WHAT TROUBLE HIS MASTER WILL GET INTO NEXT!

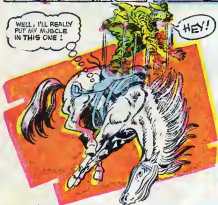
CORKER, YOU AND ME ARE A-HEADING FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT JOB OF OUR WHOLE LIFE!

YO RATHER DO THIS HERE JOB FOR NOTHING THAN MAKE A THOUSAND BUCK HAUL.

BUCK? MY MASTER SAYS "BUCK!"

BONK

SO I'LL BUCK!









GABBY RIDES FORTH AND THE CROWD LOOKS ON IN STUNNED SILENCE.





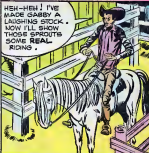
**TWO FORLORN KIDS WATCH!**

WE THOUGHT MR. HAYES WAS A HERO.

AND HE'S ONLY A (GULP) CLOWN.

**SLIPPERY SLEEK, MOUNTED ON CORNER, WATCHES WITH SATISFACTION.**

HEH-HEH! I'VE MADE GABBY A LAUGHING STOCK. NOW I'LL SHOW THOSE SPROUTS SOME REAL RIDING.



GABBY'S ALL WASHED UP AS A HERO. ON THAT I'D BET MY LAST BUCK!

HE SAID "BUCK!"



**ANGER  
WILD BULL  
KEEP OUT**



# OLD SLICK CARROT MUNCHER!



## NYOKA the JUNGLE GIRL

HER EVERY ACT A LIFE  
AND DEATH ADVENTURE...

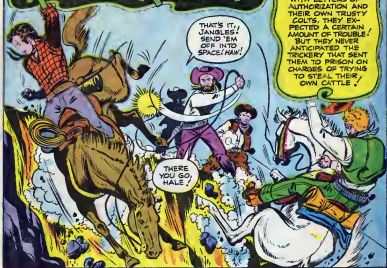
NIMBLE AS AN ANTELOPE!  
CANNY AS A BLACK PANTHER!



10c ON SALE AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND 10c

# MONTE HALE

## in RUSTLER'S ROUNDUP



THAT'S IT,  
JANGLES!  
SEND 'EM  
OFF INTO  
SPACE! HAW!

THERE  
YOU GO,  
HALE!

WHEN THE  
RUTHLESS BUZZARDS  
OF A SAVAGE WINTER  
SENT MONTANA  
CATTLE SCATTERING  
TO THE SOUTH,  
MONTE HALE AND  
DALE MOTLEY SET  
OUT TO BRING HOME  
THE BEEF! ARMED  
WITH LETTERS OF  
AUTHORIZATION AND  
THEIR OWN TRUSTY  
COLTS, THEY EX-  
PECTED A CERTAIN  
AMOUNT OF TROUBLE!  
BUT THEY NEVER  
ANTICIPATED THE  
TRICKERY THAT SENT  
THEM TO PRISON ON  
CHARGES OF TRYING  
TO STEAL THEIR  
OWN CATTLE!

SPRING HAS COME  
TO THE MONTANA  
RANGE COUNTRY  
AND--

I RECKON  
WE'RE ALL IN THE  
SAME FIX! WE'VE  
LOST HALF OUR  
HERDS, AND NOW  
WE'VE GOT TO GET  
THEM BACK!

BUT HOW'LL  
WE DO IT?  
WE CAN'T SPARE  
THE MEN TO  
MAKE THE  
TRIP SOUTH!

HOW ABOUT  
YOU, DALE?  
YOU SOLD YOUR  
HOLDINGS LAST  
FALL, SO YOU'VE  
GOT TIME! WILL  
YOU GO AFTER  
THE STRAYED  
HERDS?

I'D LIKE  
TO, BEN,  
BUT I'M  
NOT SO  
SURE I  
CAN DO  
THE JOB!  
THAT IS,  
UNLESS  
MONTE IS  
WILLING TO  
HELP ME!

LOOKS LIKE A  
MIGHTY MEAN JOB,  
AS DALE SAYS! BUT  
HARD WORK NEVER  
HURT A MAN! I'D  
BE GLAD TO HELP  
OUT! LET'S START  
TODAY!



MONTE AND DALE MOTLEY QUICKLY PREPARE FOR THE TRIP! THEN---

MONTE, YOU'D BETTER TAKE THIS ENVELOPE! IT HOLDS LETTERS OF AUTHORIZATION FROM ALL THE RANGERS HEREABOUTS--PERMITTING YOU TO CLAIM THE CATTLE BELONGING TO THEM! YOU'LL HAVE TO SHOW IT TO CATTLE DRIVE OFFICIALS, DOWN YONDER!

THANKS, BEN! WE'LL DO OUR BEST!

OH, AND ONE THING MORE! KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR A NEW RUSTLER, JANGLES/JANSEN.

CARRYING THE LETTERS OF AUTHORIZATION, THE TWO COWMEN SWIFTLY RIDE SOUTH!

LOOK, MONTE! THERE ARE SOME LAZY-J STEERS! AND SOME CIRCLE-M DOGIES!

WE'D BETTER GET ALL THE WAY SOUTH BEFORE WE START TO ROUND THEM UP! OTHERWISE WE'LL NEVER GET THEM OFF!

LATER---

AH! TRAVELERS AHEAD ON THE ROAD, AND THEY'RE HAVING A RUCKUS WITH AN INDIAN LAD! WONDER WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!

I RECOGNIZE THE YOUNGSTER! HE'S LONE EAGLE, A MEMBER OF A SIOUX CLAN THAT ONCE BEFOULDED ME! I RECKON I OWE HIM A HAND!

SASSY INDIAN. EH? MAYBE I'D BETTER TEACH YOU ANOTHER LESSON!

YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG SLANT, MISTER! WHY NOT TRY A GENT YOUNG SIZE?

WHAP!



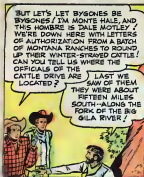
MONTE, HALE! THANK YOU FOR HELP!

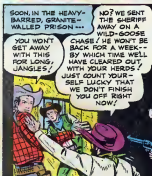
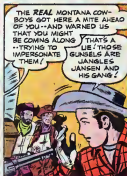
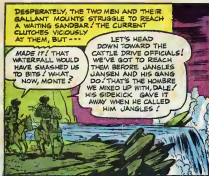
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, LONE EAGLE! YOU JUST RIDE OFF, AND LET ME HANDLE THIS VAMINT!

FOR A MOMENT, THE AIR IS POWDER-KEG TENSE! THEN---

YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET SO ALL-FIRED ROUGH, STRANGER! WE WERE JUST FUNNING THE BOY!

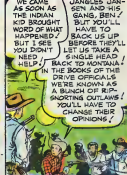
IT LOOKED WORSE THAN THAT TO ME! HIS TRIBE'S A POWERFUL ONE IN THIS SECTION! I WOULDN'T ANTAGONIZE THEM IF I WERE YOU!











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